

**NIGHTINGALES.**

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,  
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams  
wherefrom  
Ye learn your song.  
Where are those stately woods? Oh, might I  
wander there  
Among the flowers, which, in that heavenly  
air,  
Bloom the year long.

"Nay, barren are those mountains and spent  
the streams.  
Our song is the voice of desire that haunts our  
dreams—  
A throes of the heart,  
Whose gleaming visions dim forbidden hopes profound.  
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound  
For all our art.

"Alone alone in the raptured ear of men  
We pour our dark nocturnal secret, and then  
As night is withdrawn  
From these sweet springing meads and bursting  
longs of May  
Dream while the innumerable choir of day  
Welcome the dawn."  
—Robert Bridges.

**THE KING HAS PETS.**

THIS REFERS TO THE LION AND LITTLE ANIMALS HE LOVES.

**A Professional Trainer of Wild Animals  
Tells Some Interesting Incidents—The  
Fearlessness of Pigeons Among the Kings  
of Beasts.**

The way lions treat the tiny creatures of animal life is a study. It may be that there is some animal language, and that the legend of the little mouse which saved the lion's life by gnawing the net has become known to the denizens of the jungle and handed down as animal folklore, or it may be that the king of beasts has a positive contempt for anything extremely small, but it is nevertheless a fact that lions will not attack tiny animals when they are put together. Professor Edward Darling, from whom there is no more profound student of a lion's life and character in the country, has made many curious experiments with his five big beasts.

"I never saw a lion kill a rat or a mouse," said Professor Darling, "and I have had many of them put in the cage with my five lions. My attention was first drawn to this when I was on my way from London to Batavia, in Java, on the ship Rotundo. I had my five lions with me, and in the quarter of the ship in which they were housed were many rats. One day I saw Leo, my favorite lion, lying down and holding between his paws very loosely a monster ship rat. I thought perhaps that the cat instinct in the lion had made him catch it and that he would probably play with it awhile, then eat it, and so I watched. Imagine, however, my surprise when I saw him loosen the rat, and the rat made no attempt to get away, but ran up and over his gigantic paws and played with him.

"We were a long time making a trip, and every day this ship's rat went into Leo's cage, and the two played together as gently as two little children. I made several attempts to capture the rat, hoping that perhaps I might take it ashore with me, but I could not succeed, and I promise you that old Leo did not like at all my attempting to interfere with his pet. When we got to Java, we had to take the lion out, and Leo had to lose his pet. He could have killed that rat a thousand times, but he never did it.

"There was another instance subsequent to this where Leo had a pet rat, which makes me believe that the lion has a real fondness for the rodent. It was in 1881 in Calcutta. We were playing at the Maidan, one of those gigantic places in far India, and when I went in to see my pets one morning I saw that Leo had found another rat for a pet. My five lions were all together, but this rat would play only with Leo. There were many other rats in the place, but the other lions would not look at them. It seems to me to be a fact that the lions consider these little animals too small to be touched. I have known too of rats being found dead in a lion's cage, but I believe that they were simply killed by the lion rolling on them or stepping on them through carelessness, but lions never eat them.

"In Hamburg once I knew a case of a sick tiger to whom it was deemed necessary to give some fresh, warm blood to tone up his system, and to further this end a live rabbit was put in the cage with the tiger. One would naturally suppose that the tiger would have killed it instantly, but such, however, was not the case. The tiger played with the rabbit for days before he would touch it. He finally killed and ate it.

"Now, my theory is this: A lion, or a tiger, or in fact any wild animal kept alone, grows very lonesome. In their natural state wild beasts always run in pairs. They love companionship, and when put alone they become so lonesome that when another animal, even though it is a rabbit, is put in the same cage with them, they refrain from killing it so as to have its companionship. We have heard of many instances of men being alone—shipwrecked, if you like—making strange friends. Why not a lion? It always made me feel rather bad to think of this tiger in Hamburg killing his little friend. Still even men at times turn on their friends.

"Now, there is another peculiar thing about lions," added Professor Darling, "and that is that they will not eat the flesh of a fowl. You might tempt them with a canvasback duck or the daintiest squab, but they would refuse it. This is a scientific fact. I have tried it many times. I remember once having a swan which had broken its wing. We killed it, dressed it carefully and threw it into the cage of the lions, but they would not

touch it, and it finally had to be taken out and thrown away. I have repeatedly put pigeons alive into the cage, just to see what they would do. I have thrown grain down among the lions, and the pigeons have actually got down and hopped around the big brutes, even hopping on their backs, the lions making no attempt to disturb them, even seeming to enjoy their companionship.

"Now, there is something strange about this which is rather difficult to explain. To my mind it argues that a lion is not brutal in his instincts. Savage he undoubtedly is. Fierce at all times, but fierce with justice. I believe every one of my lions has a conscience. I know every one of them knows the difference between right and wrong. They know their wondrous power and are charitable. They would never attempt to injure something which in no way could do them harm. The study of a lion—his habits, character and capabilities—is one of the most interesting I know. It offers a field as yet comparatively unknown, but the more one goes into it the more time one takes to find out just what a lion is and the more he is convinced that he has rightly been named the king of beasts."—New York Tribune.

**BECAME A THIEF WHILE INSANE.**

**Surprising Disclosures Follow the Return of a Convict's Reason.**

Three years of imprisonment have lifted the cloud from the mind of a man supposed to be a common horse thief, but who is now revealed as Dr. Herbert Spencer, formerly a prosperous London physician. As a climax to his strange adventure the board of pardons will be at once petitioned for his release from the eastern penitentiary in Philadelphia.

On Sept. 25, 1891, three horses were stolen from the stable of G. W. Youngman in this city. The thief was easily tracked and was captured at Mount Pleasant, Pa. In effecting his capture an officer was shot in the hip and another was wounded in the arm. The horse thief had a gunshot wound in the side, and one arm was nearly torn from the socket. He was brought back to Williamsport and locked in the county jail. While in prison he made half a dozen attempts to end his life. He was tried in December, 1891, under the name of Herbert Spencer Darwin, was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for 4½ years. Before sentence was pronounced it was pretty conclusively shown that at the time of his trial the man was insane. He has spent over two years in prison, and until the first of the present year he showed no change in his character or actions.

Then came a sudden and startling development. The condemned thief, who had shown so many signs of insanity and whose bungling attempt to steal three horses was easily overthrown, showed signs of returning reason. Quickly these signs multiplied, and now the prisoner, seemingly a perfectly rational man, announces his identity. He is not Herbert Spencer Darwin, but Dr. Herbert Spencer. He came to this country in 1890 with \$6,000 in cash. He intended to locate in the United States.

Soon after his arrival his mind became a blank, and he recalls nothing that has happened the meanwhile. Through the penitentiary officials he learned where he had been tried and convicted. Sufficient proof has been gathered, it is asserted, to establish the truthfulness of Dr. Spencer's claims that he was insane when he stole the horses and nearly ever since. Friends will use every effort possible to have the unfortunate prisoner set free.—Williamsport (Pa.) Dispatch.

**Chinese Gambling.**  
Gambling debts are pre-eminently debts of honor in China and are more willingly and speedily paid than any others. To pay them a Chinaman will pawn all his property and even sell his children. For this he is regarded by the public as worthy of all praise, and the relatives who allow themselves to be sold are treated as models of filial devotion. Meanwhile a tradesman to whom a debt is due may starve.—Asiatic Gazette.

**A Vacation For Some One.**  
Mrs. Clark—How is the contested will case coming on, Mr. Dower?  
Mr. Dower—It's all settled and in my favor.

Mrs. Clark—I congratulate you. I suppose you'll soon be taking your family to Europe?  
Mr. Dower—No, but my lawyer is going to take his.—Soundings.

**Postoffice Insurance.**  
The English postmaster general is empowered to insure the lives of persons between the ages of 14 and 65 years for not less than \$25 nor more than \$500, and to grant annuities of not more than \$500 on the lives of persons of the age of 5 years and upward. The annuities are sold in connection with the postoffice savings bank department.

**An Ancient Game.**  
"Say, Red and Green, do you know that football's one of the oldest games known?"  
"So? Where did you learn that?"  
"Here in Exodus, where Pharaoh's daughter found Moses in the rush line."—Philadelphia Call.

For shampooing the hair nothing is better than plenty of tar soap and hot water. It is better than castile even and makes a fine soft lather. A little borax or a tablespoonful of ammonia in the water is also good for oily hair, but too much of either turns the hair gray.

**THE CALCIUM MAN'S VIEWS.**

**Stage Luminaries From a Hitherto Undiscussed Point of Vision.**

"Actors are curious folks," observed the calcium light manipulator of one of the up town theaters to a reporter the other night. He was breathing upon the reflector and then polishing it carefully with a woollen rag.

"Curious in what respect?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, they're queer creatures in every way," returned the other. "Ought not I to know? I've been everything connected with a theater from usher to reflector and then polishing it carefully with a woollen rag. They get more money than most folks, but they never have a cent. Off the stage they're the biggest cranks in the world, and on the stage they're cranky enough, Lord knows. Now, look at me and my profession, for instance. Any one would think that I'd be in solid with the actors, seeing that I light 'em up in pretty poses and bring out the effective parts of the scenes. But, would you believe it, if these stage folks had their way I'd be hounded 20 times a week by the management. Everybody that looks it before the footlights kicks at me from the chorus to the star and from the second comedian to the suppe.

"There's 200 gray hairs in my head, for which those serpentine dancers are responsible. They're kickers with a vengeance, on and off the boards. Now, I guess I know more about the effects of lighting than they do, but whenever they come hopping on the stage I never catch 'em soon enough to their notions. When they swing around in the butterfly dance, they start off different every time, and if the light glances off 'em for the eighth of a second they're wild with rage. It's their conceit, you know. They want to look sweet 100 seconds to the minute. Then they complain that I catch 'em in the eyes and blind 'em, whereas it's the continual changing of their regulation poses that rattles me.

"Then, when it comes to the chorus, oh, my! If they had things their way, the leading lady wouldn't be illuminated at all. There isn't one of 'em that doesn't want me to show 'em up for a full minute for the benefit of their gentlemen friends in the audience. They beset me every night for favors in this way, and I promise—oh, yes, I promise I'll light 'em. But do I do it?"

The calcium man rubbed his forefinger and thumb in a suggestive way.

"If there's a little half dollar fee forthcoming, they get a flash for 2½ seconds. No fee, no flash!"—New York Recorder.

**An Anecdote of Mr. Childs.**

This incident has been related of Mr. Childs, and I believe it has never been printed. Stopping one of his head employees one day, Mr. Childs said: "You are not looking well. I think you must be working too hard."

"I am not feeling very well, Mr. Childs, that is a fact," was the answer, "but I guess I will be all right in a short time."

"How would you like to take a trip to Europe?" said Mr. Childs, smiling pleasantly.

"Well enough, sir," was the response, "but I cannot afford it."

"You can afford it," said Mr. Childs, taking him by the arm, "if I pay your expenses and pay your salary to your family while you are gone, can't you?"

The result was the man spent two months in Europe and returned completely restored to health.

"That was one of the best investments I ever made," chuckled Mr. Childs when the matter was called to his attention. "Why, Mr. — returned so much improved in health that he could do twice as much work as he could before he left. You see, I was the real gainer by the transaction."

One of Mr. Childs' characteristics was that he never seemed to take any credit to himself for doing a kind act.—New York Press.

**Curing Cobra Bite With Strychnine.**

Some alleged instances of cures of cobra bite are reported from India, but there is always the doubt that in the "recoveries" reported there was really no poison injected, for the cobra does not inject poison every time it bites. It is stated that some cases of cobra bite have been cured by the hypodermic injection of strychnine, and full details will be awaited with interest, for it is possible that strychnine may be antagonistic to the peculiar deadly poison ejected from the fangs of the cobra. The poison of that snake is, as a rule, so rapidly effective that few occasions occur where a remedy can be applied with sufficient promptitude to determine whether it is effective or not. All statements about alleged cures are, however, worth careful investigation, for an antidote may at last be found.—English Mechanic.

**How Was It?**

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable to the plain and simple question whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff before the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively or how it was."—Methodist Protestant.

**AN AUTOMATIC LIGHTHOUSE.**

**There is No Keeper, but the Bright Light Blazes Perpetually.**

A remarkable lighthouse is the one which sheds its warning rays from an estuary of the Gironde, in France, where it stands upon an isolated rock in the midst of a treacherous reef. The peculiarity of this lighthouse is that it is unoccupied, and yet its lamp is burning perpetually. The famous Eddystone light on the coast of England, rising from a rock that is only large enough to afford a foundation for the structure, is remarkable because the men having it in charge are able to leave their confined quarters only once in three months, when a vessel comes to them with supplies, letters, papers and a new detachment of watchers.

It was to do away with this exacting and lonesome life that the French engineers set themselves about the task of devising a method by which the usefulness of the lighthouse could be maintained without so much personal attention. It thus happened that a lamp was invented that would burn continuously for two months without being trimmed or replenished.

The burning fluid used in this lamp is an ordinary mineral oil. The tube in the interior of the lamp is furnished with a wick having a thickness three times as great as those employed generally in lighthouses. Around the burning surface of the wick is a cake made of a patented preparation consisting largely of carbonized tar. This preparation assures the duration and the uniformity of the flame. A chimney made of mica is placed around the flame, and this insures an increase in the power of the light. The supply of oil is measured by means of a reservoir containing 100 quarts, the lamp consuming 50 grams each hour. To provide always for the reservoir being furnished with sufficient fuel a gauge is fixed at its side that governs the supply flowing in from another reservoir at a distance, and this gauge permits just 50 grams per hour to percolate through the little supply pipe into the supply reservoir.

The diameter of the lantern is 56 inches and it cost \$1,400. The intensity of the light keeps equal until the expiration of two months, when it is necessary to visit the lighthouse and replenish the wick. The light can be seen more than 12 miles at sea. The wick is cleansed and drawn up gradually by the action of the tar cake at its mouth. The French government is arranging to put up others of these houses, and it is also perfecting an invention by which a perpetual electric light can be controlled by wires running through a submarine cable to the land.—Exchange.

**Hard Deposits in Steam Boilers.**

A very simple method of preventing hard deposits in steam boilers is mentioned by M. Schmidt, a French engineer. There are two boilers in use at the same time, one being at rest, and the water in use is very bad, being very calcareous and magnetic, with organic matter, chlorides and a little sulphate of lime. Each boiler is allowed to go on working for about 500 hours before being cleaned, when it is stopped, with the water in it, and allowed to cool down for about a week. The masonry is allowed to become cold, and then the tap is opened, also the safety valve, so that the water runs naturally out of the boiler, the latter, when empty, being entered and simply swept. The deposit, being in the form of damp mud, is easily swept away, leaving the boiler as clean inside as if it were new.

This method has been in use some five years and seems to show that the ordinary hardening of deposits in boilers is due to the absence of water in them while the mud and the iron are being heated by the brickwork when the boiler has been emptied by the ordinary method of under pressure. It is necessary, however, under this system, to be able to do without the particular boiler for some eight days.—New York Sun.

**The Sense of Sight.**

Like every other sense, that of sight improves by use under healthy conditions, and therefore the people who have the greatest exercise of their vision in the open air under the light of the sun have the best eyesight. Generally speaking, savage tribes possess the keenest eyesight, acquired through hunting. Natives of the Solomon islands are very quick at perceiving distant objects, such as ships at sea, and will pick out birds concealed in dense foliage some 60 or 70 feet high. Shepherds and sailors are blessed with good sight.

Eskimos will detect a white fox in the snow a great distance away, while the Arabs of the deserts of Arabia have such extreme powers of vision that on the vast plains of the desert they will pick out objects invisible to the ordinary eye, at ranges from one to ten miles distant. Among civilized peoples the Norwegians have better eyesight than most if not all others, as they more generally fulfill the necessary conditions. The reason why defective eyes are so much on the increase in this country, and in Europe lies in too much study of books in early life and in badly lighted rooms.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Tons of Petrified Fish.**

In the northwestern part of Colorado there is a region several hundred square miles in extent which is literally a vast deposit of petrified fish of all sizes and shapes. These fish beds—shale containing fish remains—are about 150 feet in thickness and extend up and down the Green river for a distance of 150 or 200 miles.—Detroit Times.

**HE COLLECTED THE BILL.**

**Likewise Obedied Orders and Established a Reputation That Made Him.**

"When I was a youngster of 17," said a successful business man, "I got a job as a collector with a man who was about as strict a martinet as I ever saw. He insisted on everything being done just as he said, and there were times when life was verily a burden, but I stuck to him for six months; then we had a difference. It was this way: One morning he called me up and handed me a bill on a man I knew. He said for me to take it around and collect it.

"It's one of our standbys," he said, "and every collector I ever sent to him reported him absent or not findable or something. Now, you go and don't come back here till you see him."

"Do you mean that?" I asked as two or three clerks looked up.

"You know me," was all he said in reply, and I went out after my man.

"He wasn't at home, the peopled said, and wouldn't be for six weeks. So I stuck the bill in my pocket and went off up the country for a visit. The old man sent after me half a dozen times, but my folks could only tell I was out of town, and I never paid any attention to a letter I got from the boss, but went on enjoying myself. Then I came back and had a visit with some other friends, and at the end of six weeks I called on my man again with the bill. I found him at home and told him what I had done, and he paralyzed me by paying the bill, with interest. Two hours later I stepped into the boss' office.

"There," I said before he had time to gather his wits, "is the amount of your bill and interest. He was out of town for six weeks, and I couldn't see him before. You told me not to come back till I did see him, and I was obeying your instructions. I had a rattling good time, and the house owes me six weeks' salary."

"The old man gasped, got blue in the face, and I thought he was going to explode, but he didn't. He gulped it all down and stuck out his hand.

"Young man," he said, "you ought to have been a soldier. I am going to put you in charge of the collection department and double your salary."

"And," concluded the merchant, "when I was 25 I was a partner."—Detroit Free Press.

**An Amateur Tinker's Experience.**

A well known merchant of this city, who is of a saving disposition and of a mechanical turn of mind, has an inclination to attempt to do everything. He considers nothing well done that he does not do himself. The other evening one of the clocks at his home refused to keep time, so he thought he would repair it. He had repaired many a clock before and had not the least doubt of his skill. He took all the wheels and pinions apart and cleaned them. This occupied the entire evening, and when he retired he dumped all the cogwheels and parts of the clock into a drawer in his desk. The merchant is unfortunate, at least at this time, in possessing a son of mischievous disposition who happened to come across the drawer full of wheels. He knew what his father had been doing and thought he would have a little fun. He went to his room where he had a wheel that had been taken from another clock and placed this in the drawer with the other "fixings." That night the father commenced his work of putting the separate parts together. He tried it several times, but always had one wheel left over. The next night he tried the problem once more. Again he failed. For two weeks he puzzled over his mechanical problem, always having a wheel left over for which he could not account. Finally the son, who had been enjoying the sport, told his parent of his little joke. Then he wished he had made no confession.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Bronches and Mustangs.**

Tenderfeet, by the way, are very apt to mix up the terms "broncho" and "mustang." The mustang is literally a wild horse—that is, one whose forefathers have never been in captivity and whose ancestry is believed to be derived from the horses of the old Spanish invaders—while the bronchos are the children of cow ponies, or horses which have been used and which have been turned out on the range for the purpose of breeding. These horses are branded, and the colts belong to the man whose brand is on the mother. Horses are rounded up every year, and the colts are caught and branded by the owners of the mares with which they are found running, and when they become of breakable age they are taken by the men whose brand they bear. Of course there is more or less of false branding, but where a "hunter" is found engaged in this industry he is generally sent to a place where horses are not supposed to exist and where there is no temptation for him to indulge the fad.—New York Mail and Express.

**Matrimonial Item.**

Chumly—How the mischief did you come to marry that old widow? Why didn't you marry the daughter?  
Benedict—I thought over the matter carefully. If I had married the daughter, I'd have had the mother on my hands anyhow. Then I'd have had both on my hands, but as it is, now that her mother is provided for, very likely somebody else will marry the daughter, and then I'll only have one of them to provide for.—Texas Siftings.

**Introduction of Envelopes.**

The late Henry L. Lipman of Philadelphia gives this interesting statement regarding the early use of envelopes in this country: "About 1843 unguined envelopes made their first appearance as a new importation from France, and I was the first to begin their manufacture in this country. Shortly afterward I improved them by adding gum to the flap, and the gummed envelopes I made were the first which had been seen anywhere, and the first envelopes of any kind used by the United States government were made by me. The demand at first was very small. Envelopes were as difficult to introduce as any new invention or improvement is at the present time, and they were considered only as a temporary fad which would soon go out of fashion again. That is the reason I did not patent or push them very hard, especially as I had a good trade in seals and sealing wax and feared that envelopes would interfere with them. At first they were only used for business purposes, and it was some time before they were employed in social correspondence, as a person was considered lacking in respect to a friend when he had to lick the gum on the envelope sent him. I also made the first mucilage known in the United States, and when postage stamps were introduced the contractor had to come to me to learn how the gum was made, and I gave him the information gratis."

**He Could Not Bear the Drops.**

"I saw an amusing experiment," said Henry Waller of Omaha. "Some one stated that no man could stand a quart of water dropped on to his hand, drop by drop, from a height of two or three feet. A bystander bet \$20 to \$1 that he could, and the wager was accepted. In less than a minute there was a blister on the man's hand and in less than three minutes his face gave evidence of intense suffering. Before a pint had been dropped he gave up exhausted and described the sensation as the most terrible one he had ever experienced. The man who pocketed the \$20 offered to give odds of 10 to 1 that no one could stand a pint of water dropped on his hand drop by drop. When he could find no takers, he volunteered the statement that no one could have gone through the ordeal and retain his reason, a statement nobody present seemed qualified or anxious to contradict."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A Family Horse.**

The editor of the *Hawkinsville* (Ga.) Dispatch recently published the following notice: "We have a good, gentle, family horse that we are anxious to exchange for a good possum dog or a reasonable amount of fish bait. There is positively nothing wrong with the horse but his voracious appetite. We have had him with us now about two weeks, and he has eaten up three loads of cypress shingles, two lot gates, licked the bottom out of a cast iron sugar kettle and commenced on the gable end of our residence, and the fact is we have just got to swap, sell or kill or be without a horse or home."

**Don't Crowd the Auctioneers.**

There is a diamond of rare value and fine water lying in the heart of the Bank of England vaults that has come to England from the Orange Free State, where it was found by a miner. The stone weighs nearly 800 carats and is the largest in the world. There is evidently to be some competition between would be buyers, among whom is the German emperor. The value of the diamond when it was estimated by the Free State government mine inspector was £25,000, but the price now put upon it is £1,000,000.—London Court Journal.

**Wanted a Piano.**

Wife—We must have a piano.  
Husband—We are neither of us musical.  
Wife—I know, but what is home without a piano lamp?—New York Weekly.

A sentence from a review of a novel printed in *The Queen*, an English publication, is suggestive. It ran, "The tale is a nicely told one, and no girl who has the responsibility of making out a suitable library list for her mother's reading need feel any hesitation about including it among the novels."

One hundred domestic servants are killed annually in England in the process of window cleaning. An invention recently patented is a window of which the outside may be cleaned without exposing the cleaner to any chance of a tumble.

The grip bacillus, which has been cultivated and photographed time and again, has the appearance of being a fine thread strung with numerous minute beads.

In Paris the theater will check the bicycles as it will a coat, and the barroom has pumps and repair outfits, as our own has lunch counters and stock tickers.

A loaf made from two pounds of flour will weigh 2 pounds 8½ ounces when taken from the oven.

Wild tobacco has been found growing in Texas, and it is claimed that for delicacy of perfume and strength of leaf the plant is not surpassed by the real Havana.

From Cambridge comes this definition of a popular game, "Football is the pursuit of blown leather by blown humanity."